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acuteness, is a great man, in the strict sense of the term, but not every great man is a just or a good one, and the greatness that wastes itself is more reprehensible than the prodigal littleness—more has been given and more will be demanded.

Another question will be asked us, What is the use of Art? It has two—one corresponding with that of Nature, and no higher, which every artist fulfills when he earnestly and reverently reproduces her for human elevation; the other, the development from actual Nature of the laws which govern her Beauty, and the formation thence of the Ideal. They are the Art of the Actual and the Art of the Ideal, and within these classes are found all modifications of the really vital and useful Art. Outside these all art is base, nor does it matter that the great majority of men who study Art find pleasure in works which comply with neither of these requisitions, and that the multitude of artists, whom such a judgment would exclude from favor, do find their admirers, and patrons, and students. The vast majority, both of artists and amateurs, are those who regard Art only as a means of present pleasure, and repudiate alike all function of it to them, or of duty from them to it, but the Truth is absolute and self-existent, nor does it import anything if the whole world is arrayed against it.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN ARTIST.

BY JACK TUPPER.

NO. V.

[The following reminiscences appear, from their place in the Diary, to have been written some years after its commencement. J. T.]

(Reminiscences Continued.)

So the glory of the Townley Gallery faded: the grandeur of "Rome" passed. Walking between those marbles, gazed on by Augustus and Trajan, was an exploded magic. Some of their heads were too small—a deficiency of skin was observed, and a maladministration of muscle.

I worked at anatomy hard now. I copied the tables of Albinus—found them unsatisfactory—studied Lizarz, at the library, and the "Dublin Dissector," at the hospital. I contended with Rome in the dissecting-room, its Theatre, my Theatre of Marcellus. I dissected, and would have vivisected, my countrymen, to refute the anatomy of Rome. But Greece was in the ascendant—the Elgin Room, holy ground: the "Thesens" and "Ilissus" were "sculpture," and the "Metopes" and "Frieze of Parthenon."

My enthusiasm here was vital. I made drawings and models of the Thesens, and dissected to verify its anatomy. So one morning, when a student was "getting out," on the dissecting-table, the muscles of a leg, with which I was comparing a model of the right leg of the Thesens, he ventured the opinion, that the ancients only studied the surface of the body, their religious re-

verence for the dead not permitting them to dissect; and, since their anatomy was correct, as I myself represented, he wondered "why I took all that trouble." "And what makes you think so?" said I, disgusted at the cool way in which he assumed the fact. "I thought I had told you," he answered. "And it will be rational, then, for our grandsons, when they read that we give our dead Christians burial, and that we dissect likewise, to conclude that the first is true, and the second false?" I interrogated. "As rational," he replied, "as the second part of your parallel is true." "But it is true," said I. "It is false," said he. "Come, sir," I called out, "you say I have asserted a falsehood; it remains for you to prove it, or I shall say you are—are a!"

"What?" he asked. "A blackguard!" Ten thousand furies! He was a Westminster boy, and struck out, by a law of their school, which forbids them to answer otherwise to that word. In parrying the blow, I dropped my model, and it broke; which, when he saw, leaving open his guard, he stooped and picked it up, saying he was "sorry for that," and as he had struck first, and I was a "plucktun," he would withdraw the lie if I would the blackguard. So we both shook hands, and it ended for that time. But the next day, when the Demonstrator (who had heard of the *fracas*) advised me solemnly, that the alternate actions of my Biceps and Triceps would scarcely prove that the ancients dissected those muscles, the question was made an open one, and much learned evidence adduced. A passage of Tully was quoted, describing graphically the internal organs: this could hardly be done without actual inspection. So the *Roman* "autopsy" was settled. We proceeded upward into Greece, then; and found the fact of anatomy, at the school of Alexandria, almost indisputable. This, however, was in the time of Lysippus. Now it was the dissection of the human subject, in the Phidian period of Art—the age of Pericles—that was being considered. Was there any evidence, historically or rationally inductive, that in that period human anatomy was prosecuted in Greece? A gentleman (who might have looked warm) declared that "that was the question, and he did not care a button whether Lysippus dissected or not!" (A Dresser took notes of the proceedings, whence it happened that the "button argument" was sometimes alluded to in future investigations.) And now there seemed an absence of historical record; the affirmative evidence faltered, and a short gentleman was assuring the meeting, "that though Phidias might have seen a portion of denuded facia in a wounded Samian, anno mundi 3572, the hemorrhage, in deep flesh wounds, would effectually prevent," &c., &c.; and it was being sorrowfully conceded that the Greek dissecting table, anterior to the foundation of the school of Alexandria, was graced only by "canine subjects," which, obtaining long time after, gave rise to that species of Latin in the medical world, when a gentleman, stepping forward, asked Socratically, whether there was reason to believe that the Greeks had more superstitious reverence for their dead, and less reverence for science, than the Romans had? Which questions the examples of Hippocrates and Aristotle having decided in favor of the Greeks, who

were not only more scientific, but (inductively) less superstitious. The speaker went on to say, "the question was now one of probabilities. Given that the Romans dissected the human subject, and (he quoted Tully in proof) even vivisected criminals; granted that the Greeks had more incentives, and no more obstacles, to dissect than the Romans had. What were the probabilities that the Greeks dissected?" This was definitive. The Chairman, the Demonstrator, addressed the meeting. "He was happy to say, that though business would immediately call them to the Lecture room, there was no need to adjourn the debate, seeing that the meeting had unanimously determined, in absence of affirmative evidence, that there was, nevertheless, a high probability that Phidias and the carvers of his time had attended autopsical demonstrations of human anatomy, if they had not actually themselves used the scalpel; and that the meeting were influenced in this their opinion, not merely by the learned evidence immediately before them, but indirectly also by some striking arguments advanced yesterday, he believed, in a private conference with the gentleman who had just now favored them with his ideas. And he could only say, in conclusion, that he hoped the unanimity experienced to-day would pervade all the future discussions."

Certainly I must have roared very vociferously about Grecian Art to have awakened anything like an echo within those walls; where the most capable of the students had far too many lectures to attend to think of much else. At the head of these must, unquestionably, be counted my friend Galt (with whom I had the row), a strange mixture of strong dry logic, and acute poetic perception. He was the only one, I think, who never once alluded to that unfortunate affair, whilst he gave me much assistance in anatomy by his dissections, and took an interest in Art besides.

But I must review my progress in Art. My illness squandered six months of my life, leaving me weak, emaciated, and the subject of frequent sore throats. I must have been sixteen before I fairly commenced at the Museum. My enemy still pursued me; and often when I returned to my labors, after a fortnight's nursing, it was to find my drawing-board with difficulty, my drawing not at all, and my drawing-pins owned by another. There were other obstructions besides illness; opportunities occurred for earning money, which, as my family was far from rich, I embraced with alacrity. My father's business—for after the loss of his estates, by foul play, he had set up stationer in the city—offered occasional employment to the artist, and vignettes, etchings, and lithographs, were gladly turned over to me, not merely for the saving of expenses, but from an unfortunate eagerness on my part, originating perhaps, in the laudable desire to contribute to the family stock; perhaps to vindicate my choice of a profession which was certainly never duly assigned me in "Parliament assembled," but intrigued, and crept into by degrees, through an influence at the "Home Office," obtained by a "maternal relative;" and if "active members" took occasion to snub my position as a sinecure, I was the more anxious, at intervals, to demonstrate its importance to the house. My father, I think, would willingly have

had me an artist; but, with his strong mathematical mind, and *numerical* sense of justice, would hardly have decreed, out of six sons, that one, not the eldest, should have a *profession* at the expense of the others; and therefore it was that my mother, who had settled the affair from the first (not by justice, but by divine instinct), never made a mootpoint of it; but got me, by degrees, and beyond the possibility of retreat, into this path of glory, where, pray God, I may not be shamed! O my mother, it is a path of danger, and of difficulty, and of doubt! The first step was arrogating a claim: beyond my brothers. What was my warranty for this? Shall I be justified? Some have been. There are in the church, and the senate, who claimed the right of reading, while their brethren fed them in the hovel, that they might quit the hovel and outstrip their brethren; who refused their just quota of the world's goods, borrowed audaciously, paid back the loan, and walked over the heads of the lenders. They are great men now, good servants of the State, giving bounties to all; but they rose by presumptuous injustice. There is no talent now developed and fulfilling its functions of beneficence, but thus rose; not one who has not robbed his brother, who also had wit to speculate, though not the injustice to borrow forcibly; and all these are justified by success; though it is a perilous enterprise, methinks, this trading on a borrowed capital, and woe to the bankrupt who fails here!

One curious result of these money-getting intervals of labor, was their effect upon my estimate of art as a means of livelihood; for, depending upon those labors for occasional pecuniary reinforcements, I never once thought of turning truly artistic labor to any immediate account. My needy position thereby depriving me of the very stimulus which Dr. Johnson, in his life of Somerville, assumes as indispensable to success, in poetry; and shows, though the principle be true, how the fact may have an opposite working. That poverty rather retarded than accelerated my artistic progress, seems clear when I compare my case with that of a fellow-student at the Museum, who was beating up a private connexion, and selling designs, from sheer necessity, while he was yet studying from the antique; and who confessed to me, after almost despairing, that he had at length succeeded in establishing a fame, such as it was, and a little circle of patrons, to whom he should look for support. Now I, when necessity pressed me, had no time to lay down and plan this foundation of a future practice, but turned naturally to a more immediate succor offered by the afore-said vignettes; and never finding Art productive, it was a world separate from this world—a giant growing in the dark, who (once full grown) is to stand out and startle the gazers.

Meantime, I was much interrupted by these calls; and it was not till my eighteenth year that I had acquainted myself sufficiently with Roman Art to discover that it was insane and dumb. Two months of unbroken study, seconded by good health, convinced me of this. Its sculpture was a repetition of parts; muscles were marked invariably; those which appear folded above the knee, when the figure stands erect, had the same folds when the figure

was sitting and the leg bent; others which move the ribs, and connect them with (and move also) the shoulder-blade, appearing greater in size and number, according to the posture of the arms, were always of the same size and number. This, with my then knowledge of anatomy, I knew to be impossible. I came over to these self-same muscles, laid on like architectural ornaments, with the same shadows below, the same "high lights" above, and the same vein laid over them. It was sickening to copy what I could draw beforehand, and recollect easily. I thought them less animate than that frost semblance of trees on the windows, which puzzled me of old. I thought them the veritable "Tree studies of the books" raised up from the dead to plague me.

Yet there was consolation in the next room, there was one wall between these and the Art of Athens, with the door open. Had it been locked hitherto, and I admitted at this juncture, "what a murdering of time," I should have called out, "Why could I not see these before, and be spared all this lingering torture?" I had seen them, however, and I had made my choice; and had I to make it again, or to put another in the road, it would be Roman sculpture I would begin with. For in calling out thus, I should have over-rated my suffering, seeing that, so far from disgusting, these things at first delighted. They are vitiated now, they were not vitiated then; they had that in them complete, which in me was only rudimentary; they showed me the end that I must finally have arrived at; they showed me the end at once, and disgusted me with it the sooner. Nor should I have been ripe for the Greek until nauseated with the Roman, and impatient of the exanimate amorphous element—the constant assertion, "I am stone," following the march of its chisel as inseparably as Dacian spoils in a Dacian triumph, to remind you of what it has conquered.

Writing a long time after my conviction of these facts, I may be more analytic, and inquisitive into the causes than I was then—that they were facts, may probably have sufficed; but that I was sated with a rapid quality in these Roman works, is as certain as that I called them "dummy." The Greek was my refuge; and here I worked late and early, modelling, drawing, examining, and making discoveries in anatomy. Then it was that I dissected, and then that I renounced Albinus, which was all muscles, and omitted those fibrous sheaths, the fasciæ, which, attached to flesh, skin, or bone, bind down the muscles in action, and produce that flattening of surface, or a dimpling and tension of the skin, only to be found in Greek Art. The muscles of Albinus were inadequate to explain these noieties; and I think this partial anatomy—this exclusive myology—may be at the bottom of the muscular school of Rome, and account for the turgid and inflated curve found there, as well as in the Paris of Canova, which stands in the Hall of the Academy.

At this year's Exhibition of Modern Paintings in the Brera Gallery, Milan, a prize was awarded to Signor Gambe for a picture, which is described in terms of high praise. The subject is, "The Funeral of Titian."—*Athenæum*.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

(Translated for THE CRAYON from the German of Roderick Benedict.)

IV.

THE BUILDING.

THE scene of activity was over on the building ground, for the evening bell had struck. Two citizens wandered around the spot, looking at the preparations for the construction.

"What the devil," cried Herr Roisdorf, the baker, "are they going to build a town here for? They have dug foundations enough for quite a city."

"It is no city," said the other, Mumprecht, the Smith, "but a house of God, where the whole city can go in to their service."

"I should think they were digging wells here," said the first, "they appear to be digging deep enough to find water in mid-earth."

"These are the foundations for the towers," explained the Smith, "they have to dig them so deep to support the weight which is to come above. It is going to be a monster work. You must come here by day, and see them work. Every day ships come down loaded with stone from beyond Bonn. Many wagons are going all day long to bring the stone from the river. Hundreds of stonecutters stand ready to shape them. Then the earth-diggers, the masons, the carpenters, the press of wagons bringing sand and lime, and those who make the mortar. They have been a year at work, and there is only here and there a bit of the ground-wall to be seen. The noble master is constantly here, ordering all. See, yonder he comes, with the worshipful archbishop."

The two drew near, walking as if engaged in conversation.

"Master, I know thee no more," said the archbishop. "Thou wast formerly a happy and jovial man, and now thou hast this look of deep earnestness on thy features, and no one can make thee laugh. It seems to me thou hast cause for joy, when all is progressing so well."

The master remained silent, and the other continued.

"Every morning I look with pleasure on the plan in my apartment, which thou madest for me. Truly it is to be a sublime work, and eternal time shall honor thy name."

A slight smile passed over the other's countenance. Still it appeared more like a sign of pain.

The archbishop continued. "The bones of the Three Holy Kings shall find a meet resting-place in our new Temple. Beside, as soon as thou canst, come to Bonn and I will show thee many things. My painters are constantly at work, and the goldbeaters never let their furnaces go out—and each one is at work for the adorning of our church only. Come to Bonn, it will cheer thee up, and dissipate thy moodiness."

The master still maintained silence, and the price at last gave up all hopes of leading him into conversation, and finding his train waiting, he left the place.

The master turned back, and descending into the trenches, examined the walls, carefully testing each stone, to see if it was properly laid, and observing if the banks